

Their Married Life.

THE THIRD YEAR.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"Out nine!" called the elevator man, as the car stopped with a sickening lurch, and he clanged the iron door.

Helen stepped out and turned to the left down the long marbled hall. She came so rarely to Warren's office that the atmosphere of the great office building always impressed her.

"Howe & Eldridge, Stocks and Bonds," "R. L. Drake & Co., Suburban Real Estate," "W. J. Barnes & Son, Insurance," read the lettering on the ground glass doors from behind which came the sound of clicking typewriters. Then—927—"Warren E. Curtis, Counselor at Law."

There was no one in the front office, but as Helen closed the door, Miss Perry, the stenographer, appeared from the room beyond.

"I'm sorry Mr. Curtis isn't here," stammered Helen, "but he said he'd be back by 3."

"Then I'll wait," passing in to his private office with a little air of proprietorship, which the stenographer was quick to resent.

Helen felt her resentment without realizing its cause. She had been here only a few times, yet she knew this girl did not like her.

Business Disorder. Miss Perry returned to her typewriter in the back room. Helen took the revolving chair before Warren's desk and gazed around with the intense interest which she always felt in everything here.

While the littered confusion of the place outraged her sense of order, yet there was in it all an atmosphere of busy, important activity that always thrilled her.

The strewn desk, the overflowing pigeon holes, the shelves of letter files, the safe with "W. E. Curtis" lettered over the heavy doors—all this was part of Warren's life in which she had no share.

With eager interest she took in every detail.

A mass of letters and papers covered the desk; the telephone was on one drawn out leaf; some unopened mail on the other. There seemed no space left to write. How could he work among such disorder? Helen longed to straighten and dust, yet feared she might mislay something.

But this stenographer, she thought, indignantly, why could she not keep his desk in order? She knew where everything belonged. Why did she

HELEN CALLS AT WARREN'S OFFICE AND HIS STENOGRAPHER RESENTS HER INTERFERENCE.

not file these letters, and clean out those crowded pigeon holes and put a fresh blotter in place of this ink-stained one, and wash out the ink-stained, blackened with dust and dried ink?

If Warren would not tell her to do these things, she would! With determined courage Helen went into the back room.

"Miss Perry, would you like me to send you down some dust cloths? Mr. Curtis' desk looks so disorderly and dusty. I'm sure he'd appreciate it if you'd straighten it up for him."

"Mr. Curtis doesn't wish me to touch his desk," returned Miss Perry.

"He can never find anything if anyone else puts it away."

"But surely you file the letters?"

"I file them when he gives them to me," returned Miss Perry, with unmistakable animosity.

Helen's Jealousy. Helen went back into Warren's office with a feeling almost of dislike for this girl. As she sat down again at the desk, the phone beside her buzzed imperatively. She took down the receiver, but put it back as she heard the stenographer answer it from the extension outside.

"No, Mr. Curtis isn't in, but I'm expecting him every moment."

"Hyde & Bennett? I think he heard from them today." Hold the wire.

Miss Perry hurried in and with an officious air looked through a pile of letters on the desk before Helen, then switched out again and back to the phone.

"No, I don't see it. Mr. Curtis may have it with him. Yes, I'll have him call you up. Very well. Good bye."

This incident served only to increase Helen's vague jealousy of Miss Perry's familiarity with so much of Warren's life, of which she knew nothing.

There was a quick step in the outer office—and Warren hurried in.

"Hello! You here?"

Then, without a second glance toward her, he took some papers from his pocket and called: "Miss Perry!"

Miss Perry appeared at the door.

"Get me that brief on the Phillips case, and get out the carbon of the letter you wrote yesterday to Norris & Whipple. Anyone call up?"

"Yes, Mr. Whiting just called and wants you to call him."

Daily Fashion Hint

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper



MISSIE'S MORNING FROCK.

Damask-figured chambray in pale blue is used for this pretty morning dress. The skirt is not draped, but it shows the influence of pleats by a very broad box pleat front and back, which forms a panel effect. For the simple blouse there is an original bib arrangement which is folded up over the girle and hooked under either side of the cowboy collar. The back extends

over to the front and forms a shoulder yoke, which is continued on the upper section of the sleeve.

For the bib, collar and girdle plain blue batiste is employed.

To make this dress requires:

4 yards of 36-inch chambray at 25c. a yard
1 1/2 yard 30-inch batiste at 30c. a yard.

"Anything else?"

"Mr. Leonard was here soon after you left. He said he'd try to get in about 5."

"Now make three copies of this," taking another paper from his pocket.

"You see that first clause is out. And address a large envelope to Morrison."

Then, turning to the phone: "9830 Franklin."

"But, dear," protested Helen. "I wanted to—"

"Mr. Whiting there? Oh, hello, Whiting. Yes, I heard from Bennett today. Think they're about ready to compromise. Wait, I'll read you their letter."

A Busy Man. For fully fifteen minutes Warren talked over the phone, while Helen stood gazing out of the window, trying not to feel hurt and neglected.

Miss Perry had brought in the papers he had asked for and laid them on the desk, and even as he talked he was glancing over them. As soon as he hung up the receiver he began penciling rapid notes on the margin, and again called the stenographer.

"Copy this right away. Insert 1 goes here, and insert 2 after this paragraph. One carbon will do."

Then, as though seeing Helen for the first time:

"Hello! Anything wrong?"

"Why, no, dear," flushed Helen. "I came down to that Italian place to order the olive oil. I was so near—I thought I'd come in."

But Warren, who was now frowning over a letter he had just opened, and which had evidently come while he was out, did not seem to hear.

"Dear, can't you give me a moment?" with almost tearful resentment.

"Can't you see I'm busy?" Irritated by "It's a quarter after 3 now," glancing at his watch, "and I've got to meet Billings at 4."

Picking up her muff, Helen turned to the door—then paused. She could not let the stenographer think that Warren would not at least see her to the elevator.

"Can you come to the elevator with me?" in a low voice.

"What's that?" again absorbed in the letter.

But Helen was too hurt and indignant to repeat her request. Perhaps there was something in her silence as she walked towards the door that was more effective than words, for now he looked up.

"Wait—I'll put you on the elevator." Then as he hurried her along the hall, "What did you say you came down for?"

"To get some oil at that Italian importers," patiently.

"Oh, yes. Here's a car now," as a red light flashed in the globe over one of the elevators.

A moment later Helen left the car on the ground floor. Her cheeks were flushed and the old lump of "hurt feelings" was in her throat.

If she came often—but it had been months since she had been to his office! And Miss Perry—she had heard of course, and was probably gloating over Warren's inattention.

Mr. Dawson's Courtesy. "Oh, I beg your pardon!" as a man, turning abruptly from the cigar stand at the entrance, ran into her. "Why, it's Mrs. Curtis!"

Startled, Helen looked up to find Mr. Dawson smiling down at her.

"Aren't you lost down here?"

"I've just been up to Mr. Curtis' office."

"Oh, that's so. I forgot Curtis was in this building. Which way?" as he passed out with her.

The subway takes me nearest home."

"Then I'll walk over and put you on. Yes, I've plenty of time," as Helen protested. "But I don't like to think of your going up in the subway at this hour. You'll find it pretty crowded."

As they walked to the Fulton street station, Mr. Dawson pointed out a number of new skyscrapers, and Helen, to whom this downtown atmosphere seemed pulsating with great affairs, was a thrill with interest.

"You ought to come down to the stock exchange some time; you'll find that stirring enough to suit you. I'll be glad to take you in the gallery there any time."

They were going down the subway steps now, a train was just rushing in, crowded to the doors.

"I can't let you get on that," as he threw a couple of tickets in the box and passed with her through the gate. "We'll wait for the next."

But he let three trains go by before he finally put her in a less crowded car, and stood back with lifted hat.

As the train dashed on, Helen's thoughts swept back to Warren's office and to his curt inattention, then to the chance meeting with Mr. Dawson and his solicitous courtesy.

And then, loyally trying to force back all comparison, she gazed over the heads of the swaying train hangers, and began gently to read the familiar signs of soaps, tooth pastes and hair restorers.

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